

# The Skyscraper



It was always a wonder to me—chokes me up, even, it means so much. I hear men rave over horses and marvel at it when I think of the iron horse. I hear them chatter of distance, and my mind turns to the annihilator. I hear them brag of ships, and I think of the ship that plows the mountains and rivers and plains. And when they talk of speed—what can I think of but her?

As the new engine rolled into the yards my heart beat quicker. Her lines were too imposing to call strong. They were massive, yet so simple you could draw them, like the needle snout of a collier, to a very point.

Every bearing looked precise, every joint looked supple, as she swept magnificently up and checked herself, panting, in front of us.

Foley was in the cab. He had been east on a lay-off and so happened to bring in the new monster, wild, from the river shops.

She was built in Pennsylvania, but the fellows on the Missouri end of our line thought nothing could ever safely be put into our hands until they had stopped it en route and looked it over. "How does she run, Foley?" asked Neighbor, gloating silently over the toy.

"Cool as an icebox," said Foley, swinging down. "She's a regular summer resort. Little stiff on the hills yet."

"We'll take that out of her," mused Neighbor, climbing into the cab to look her over. "Boys, this is up in a ball, loon," he added, pushing his big head through the cab window and peering down at the ninety inch drivers under him.

"I grew dizzy once or twice looking for the ponies," declared Foley, biting off a piece of tobacco as he hitched at his overalls. "She looks like a skyscraper. Say, Neighbor, I'm to get her myself, ain't I?" asked Foley, with his usual nerve.

"When McNeal gets through with her, yes," returned Neighbor gruffly, giving her a thimble of steam and trying the air.

"What?" cried Foley, affecting surprise. "You going to give her to the kid?"

"I am," returned the master mechanic unfeelingly, and he kept his word.

George McNeal, just reporting for work after the session in his cab with the loose end of a connecting rod, was invited to take out the skyscraper—488, Class II—as she was listed, and Dad Hamilton of course took the scoop to fire her.

"They got everything good that's going," grumbled Foley.

"They are good people," retorted Neighbor. He also assigned a helper to the old fireman. It was a new thing with us then, a fellow with a slice bar to tickle the grate, and Dad, of course, kicked. He always kicked. Neighbor wasted no words. He simply sent the helper back to wiping until the old fireman should cry enough.

Very likely you know that a new engine must be regularly broken, as a horse is broken, before it is ready for steady hard work. And as George McNeal was not very strong yet, he was appointed to do the breaking.

For two months it was a pleasant light runs and easy lay overs. After the smash at the Narrows Hamilton had sort of taken the kid engineer under his wing, and it was pretty generally understood that any one who bowed George McNeal must reckon with his doughty old fireman. So the two used to march up and down streets together, as much like chums as a very young engineer and a very old fireman possibly could be. They talked together, walked together and ate together. Foley was as jealous as a cat of Hamilton, because he had brought George out west and felt a sort of guardian interest in that quarter himself. Really anybody would love George McNeal, old Dad Hamilton was proof enough of that.

One evening, just after pay day, I saw the pair in the postoffice lobby getting their checks cashed. Presently the two stepped over to the money order window. A moment later each came away with a money order.

"Is that where you leave your wealth, George?" I asked as he came up to speak to me.

"Part of it goes there every month, Mr. Reed," he smiled. "Checks are running light, too, now—eh, Dad?"

"A young fellow like you ought to be putting money away in the bank," said I.

"Well, you see I have a bank back in Pennsylvania, a bank that is now sixty years old and getting gray headed. I haven't sent her much since I've been on the relief, so I'm trying to make up a little now for my old mammy."

"Where does yours go, Dad?" I asked.

"Me," answered the old man evasively. "I've got a boy back east; getting to be a big one too. He's in school. When are you going to give

...By...  
**FRANK H. SPEARMAN**  
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us a passenger run with the skyscraper, Neighbor?" asked Hamilton, turning to the master mechanic.

"Soon as we get this wheat, up on the high line, out of the way," replied Neighbor. "We haven't half engines enough to move it, and I get a wire about every six hours to move it faster. Every siding's blocked, clear to Belgrade. How many of those 60,000 pound cars can you take over Beverly hill with your skyscraper?"

He was asking both men. The engineer looked at his chum.

"I reckon maybe thirty-five or forty," said McNeal. "Eh, Dad?"

"Maybe, son," growled Hamilton, "and break my back doing it?"

"I gave you a helper once, and you kicked him off the tender," retorted Neighbor.

"Don't want anybody raking ashes for me—not while I'm drawing full time," Dad frowned.

But the upshot of it was that we put the skyscraper at hauling wheat, and within a week she was doing the work of a double header.

It was May, and a thousand miles east of us, in Chicago, there was trouble in the wheat pit on the board of trade. You would hardly suspect what queer things that wheat scramble gave rise to, affecting George McNeal and old man Hamilton and a lot of other fellows away out on a railroad division on the western plain, but this was the way of it:

A man sitting in a little office on Lasalle street wrote a few words on a very ordinary looking sheet of paper and touched a button. That brought a colored boy, and he took the paper out to a young man who sat at the eastern end of a private wire.

The next thing we knew orders began to come in hot from the president's office—the president of the road, if you please—to get that wheat on the high line into Chicago, and to get it there quickly.

Trainmen, elevator men, superintendents of motive power, were spurred with special orders and special bulletins. Farmers, startled by the great prices offering, hauled night and day. Every old tub we had in the shops and on the scrap was overhauled and hustled into the service. The division danced with excitement. Every bushel of wheat on it must be in Chicago by the morning of May 31.

For two weeks we worked everything to the limit. The skyscraper led any two engines on the line. Even Dad Hamilton was glad to cry enough and take a helper. We doubled them every day, and the way the wheat flew over the line toward the lower end of Lake Michigan was appalling to spectators. It was a battle between two commercial giants, and a battle to the death. It shook not alone the country; it shook the world. But that was nothing to us; our orders were simply to move the wheat. And the wheat moved.

The last week found us pretty well cleaned up, but the high price brought grain out of cellars and wells, the buyers said—at least, it brought all the

boarded wheat and much of the seed wheat, and the 28th day of the month found fifty cars of wheat still in the Zanesville yards. I was at Harvard working on a time card when the word came, and behind it a special from the general manager stating there was \$1,000 premium in it for the company besides tariff, if we got that wheat into Chicago by Saturday morning.

The train end of it didn't bother me any. It was the motive power that kept us studying. However, we figured that by running McNeal with the skyscraper back wild we could put all the wheat behind her in one train. As it happened, Neighbor was at Harvard too.

"Can they ever get over Beverly with 50, Neighbor?" I asked doubtfully.

"We'll never know till we try it,"



The cab for a passing instant rose in the air.

Darkness hid the worst of the sight; it was the sound that appalled. Children asleep in sod shanties miles from where the two engines reared in awful shock jumped in their cribs at that crash. Fifty-five's little engine barely checked the skyscraper. She split it like a banana. She bucked like a frantic horse and leaped fearfully ahead. There was a blinding explosion, a sudden awful burst of steam. The windows crashed about our ears, and we were dashed to the wall and floor like lead pencils. A baggage truck, whipped up from the platform below, came through the heavy sack and down on the dispatcher's table like a brickbat, and as we scrambled to our feet a shower of wheat suffocated us. The floor heaved. Freight cars slid into the depot like battering rams. In the height of the confusion an oil tank

growled Neighbor. "There's a thousand for the company if they do; that's all. How'll you run them? Give them plenty of sea room. They'll have to gallop to make it."

Cool and reckless planning, taking the daring chances, straining the flesh and blood, driving the steel loaded to the snapping point—that was what it meant. But the company wanted results, wanted the prestige and the premium too. To gain them we were expected to stretch our little resources to the uttermost.

I studied a minute, then turned to the dispatcher.

"Tell Norman to send them out as second 4. That gives the right of way over every wheel against them. If they can't make it on that kind of schedule, it isn't in the track."

It was extraordinary business, rather, sending a train of wheat through on a passenger schedule, practically as the second section of our eastbound flier, but we took half lifting chances on the plains.

It was noon when the orders were flashed. At 3 o'clock No. 4 was due to leave Zanesville. For three hours I kept the wires busy warning all operators and trainmen, even switch engines and yardmasters, of the wheat special, second 4.

The flier, the first section and regular passenger train, was checked out of Zanesville on time. Second 4, which meant George McNeal, Dad, the skyscraper and fifty loads of wheat, reported out at 3:10. While we worked on our time card Neighbor in the dispatcher's office across the hall figured out that the wheat train would enrich the company just \$11,000, tolls and premium. "If it doesn't break in two on Beverly hill," growled Neighbor, with a quail.

On the dispatcher's sheet, which is a sort of panorama, I watched the big train whirl past station after station, drawing steadily nearer to us, and doing it, the marvel, on full passenger time. It was a great feat, and George McNeal, whose nerve and brain were guiding the tremendous load, was breaking records with every milestone.

They were due in Harvard at 9 o'clock. The first 4, our flier, pulled in and out on time, meeting 55, the west-bound overland freight, at the second station east of Harvard—Redbud.

Neighbor and I sat with the dispatchers up in their office, smoking. The wheat train was now due from the west, and, looking at my watch, I stepped to the western window. Almost immediately I heard the long, peculiarly hollow blast of the skyscraper whistling for the upper yard.

"She's coming," I exclaimed.

The boys crowded to the window, but Neighbor happened to glance to the east.

"What's that coming in from the Junction, Bailey?" he exclaimed, turning to the local dispatcher. We looked and saw a headlight in the east.

"That's 55."

"Where do they meet?"

"Fifty-five takes the long siding in from the Junction"—which was two miles east—"and she ought to be on it right now," added the dispatcher anxiously, looking over the master mechanic's shoulder. Neighbor jumped as if a bullet had struck him. "She'll never take a siding tonight. What's her orders?" he demanded furiously.

"Meeting orders for first 4 at Redbud, second 4 here, 78 at Glenwood. Great Jupiter," cried the dispatcher, and his face went sick and scared. "They've forgotten second 4!"

"They'll think of her a long time head," roared the master mechanic savagely, jumping to the west window. "Throw your red lights! There's the skyscraper now!"

Her head shot that instant around the coal chutes less than a mile away, and 55 going dead against her. I stood like one palsied, my eyes glued on the burning eye of the big engine. As she whipped past a street arched light I caught a glimpse of George McNeal's head out of the cab window. He always rode bareheaded if the night was warm, and I knew it was he; but suddenly, like a flash, his head went in. I knew why as well as if my eyes were his eyes and my thoughts his thoughts. He had seen red signals where he had every right to look for white.

But red signals now—to stop her—to pull her flat on her haunches like a broncho? Shake a weather flag at a cyclone!

I saw the fire stream from her drivers. I knew they were churning in the sand. I knew he had twenty air cars behind him sliding. What of it?

Two thousand tons were sweeping forward like an avalanche. What did brains or pluck count for now with 55 lancing along like a schoolgirl right into the teeth of it?

I don't know how the other men felt. As for me, my breath choked in my throat, my knees shook, and a deadly nausea seized me. Unable to avert the horrible blunder, I saw its hideous results.

Darkness hid the worst of the sight; it was the sound that appalled. Children asleep in sod shanties miles from where the two engines reared in awful shock jumped in their cribs at that crash. Fifty-five's little engine barely checked the skyscraper. She split it like a banana. She bucked like a frantic horse and leaped fearfully ahead. There was a blinding explosion, a sudden awful burst of steam. The windows crashed about our ears, and we were dashed to the wall and floor like lead pencils. A baggage truck, whipped up from the platform below, came through the heavy sack and down on the dispatcher's table like a brickbat, and as we scrambled to our feet a shower of wheat suffocated us. The floor heaved. Freight cars slid into the depot like battering rams. In the height of the confusion an oil tank

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## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

A. J. Graves et al. Pff. vs. Virginia Graves et al. Dft. Equity.

By virtue of a judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March term thereof, 1907, in the above cause, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, Monday the 13th day of May 1907 at 1 o'clock P. M. or thereabout, (being Court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property, to wit:

A certain house and lot near Dycusburg, Crittenden county Ky., containing 7 1/2 acres and bounded as follows: beginning on the Eddyville road and comes to Mrs. Cooksey thence with her line N 60 E 36 poles to her corner a stake thence with another line of her's S 18 E 25 poles to a stake on side of road thence N 55 E 56 poles to old line of Jacobs thence with same N 89 W 62 poles to a stake on Eddyville road, thence with said road S 31 1/2 W 19 poles, thence S 14 W 22 poles to the beginning.

For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

Joe L. Clinton, Pff. vs. Jas. F. Cook, et al. Dft. Equity.

By virtue of a Judgement and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March Term thereof, 1907, in the above cause for the sum of \$3,513.68 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent, per annum from the 25 day of August 1906 on \$1451 and interest on remainder from November 25, 1902, until paid, and \$250 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday the 13th day of May 1907, at 1 o'clock P. M., or thereabout, (being Court day) upon a credit of six, twelve and eighteen months, the following described property, to-wit:

A certain tract of land situated in Crittenden county, Ky., and known as the John Walter Cook farm, near Mattoon. This farm is situated within two miles of Repton, on the I. C. R. R. and within six miles of Weston, on the Ohio River, and lies on the old Fynn's ferry road between said points, and is in a fine state of cultivation, with good improvements and well watered, and contains 180 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

R. C. Hill Pff. vs. W. E. Curry Dft. Equity.

By virtue of a judgement and Order of sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March term thereof, 1907, in the above cause for the sum of \$261.99 with interest at the rate of 6 per cent, per annum from the 9th day of July 1906, until paid, and \$40.00 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday the 13th day of May 1907, at 1 o'clock P. M. or thereabouts, (being Court day), upon a credit of three months the following property, to wit:

Three mules, one horse and one log wagon, all sound and in good fix.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a judgement. Bidders will be prepared to comply promptly with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## Sale For School Taxes.

By virtue of taxes due Marion Graded Common School District No 27 of Crittenden county Kentucky. I will on Monday May 13th, 1907., between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 2 o'clock p. m. expose to public sale, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, the following property, for so much thereof as may be necessary, to satisfy the amount of the taxes due and costs, and assessed in the following names to wit.

Brown Emily, one house and lot in Marion, Ky., taxes for 1903-4-5 and 6	\$4.20
Beard Geo. A. one house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1905 and 1906	6.35
Bell John W. one house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1903-4-5 and 6	13.52
Glore Minner, taxes for 1903-4-5 and 6	16.15
Weldon S. M. one house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1906, Whitehouse C. H. one house and lot in Marion Ky on the north side of Carlisle St. and known as the Record building taxes for 1906	8.10
Watson W. Hugh one house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1905-6	15.15
Dollins Nelle house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1904-5-6	4.15
Givens J. W. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1904-5-6	12.10
Henry James S. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1906	25.95
Henry Albert M. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1904-5-6	9.40
Henry S. N. house and lot in Marion Ky taxes for 1905-6	7.80
H. A. HAYNES Treasurer, Marion Graded Common School Dist. No. 27	11.45

This April 1st, 1907.

## COMMISSIONER'S SALE.

D. T. White, Pff. vs. A. J. Grant, etc., Dft. Equity.

By virtue of a Judgment and Order of Sale of the Crittenden Circuit Court, rendered at the March Term thereof, 1907, in the above cause for the sum of \$300 with interest at 6 per cent, per annum from the 8 day of Oct. 1902, until paid, and \$50 costs herein, I shall proceed to offer for sale at the Court-house door in Marion to the highest bidder, at Public Auction, on Monday the 13th day of May, 1907, at 1 o'clock P. M., or thereabout, (being Court day), upon a credit of six months, the following described property to wit:

A certain tract of land lying and being in the county of Crittenden and state of Kentucky and being the same tract of land purchased by A. J. Grant from J. B. McKinley on the 8th day of Oct. 1902. See deed recorded in deed book 13, page 159, in the office of the Clerk of the Crittenden County Court. Said land is bounded as follows:

Beginning on a white oak corner T. W. Hughes, thence S. 20, E. 26 poles to a hickory, thence N. 83, E. 26 poles to a stone, thence S. 64, E. 56 poles to a stone at the North corner of the lane, thence N. 15, E. 48 poles to a white oak, thence 16 E. 94 poles to a stake, thence 75 W. 20 poles to a small black oak (now down), thence W. 54 poles to a poplar, thence about South and about 12 poles to a white oak and hickory, thence S. 60, W. 15 poles to a white oak, thence S. 22, W. 44 poles to beginning containing 57 acres.

Or sufficient thereof to produce the sums of money so ordered to be made. For the purchase price the purchaser, with approved security or securities, must execute Bond, bearing legal interest from the day of sale until paid, and having the force and effect of a Judgment. Bidders will be prepared to comply with these terms.

J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

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J. G. ROCHESTER, Commissioner.

## "KEEP SMILING."

Feed your horse fine hay. Timothy Hay, Baled Hay will be sold this month. See PRES FORD & W. R. CRUCE.

## AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

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**FIRE TORNADO ACCIDENT HEALTH TEAMS BURGLARY LIABILITY and BOILER**

We can insure you against anything but death.

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TELEPHONE 15.

# ORME'S DRUG STORE

## Summer Dryness

Thirsty, parched, dry as a bone; the heat seems to penetrate to every part of you. That summer languor steals upon you and makes every effort a labor. How nice, how refreshing a glass of our cool, refreshing, satisfying ice-cream soda, egg phosphate, cherry sisters, mint